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was left to expire! His hollow voice plaintively implored some drink; I assured him he should have it, and he taken care of, and hope revived at the moment life was ebbing fast away. In another part of this monastery I saw a hat of a departed victim of fever exposed some time ago, and at our Inn I heard the following story:—An American gentleman, totally a stranger, well clad and of pleasing appearance, came a few months ago to Kilmallock. He went to no inn, but wandered about the ruins, till at last entering them he was observed no more, and perhaps forgotten! He was ill, and fever burned in his veins; but where can a penniless and forlorn wanderer turn in a country where he is without friends or money? It happened that a gentleman was ill at the inn, and required the attendance of a person to sit up every night. The innkeeper's son performed this humane office frequently; and very early one morning, as the stars were fading at the approach of twilight, he walked out to the monastery to refresh himself with the morning air; he heard a murmuring noise of some human being. It was two or three days after the American gentleman's disappearance. He recollected this, and advanced, but can I go on? Extended on his back in a recess of a ruined aisle, the unfortunate stranger lay speechless and expiring! one hand clenched the mouldering wall, the other his hat. The young man terrified and shocked ran for assistance. On his return this victim of misfortune was no more! Fever had arrested his steps."

We shall only add a hope that no future traveller may ever have it in his power to record such instances of the wretchedness and inhumanity of Kilmallock.

### A PEASANT GIRL'S LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE O'HARA TALES.

The county assizes had commenced in my native town, when a new batch of Irish tithe arrangers were brought in prisoners by a strong party of police. They had attacked only the previous evening a gentleman's house, for the purpose of rifling it of arms—had been repulsed by the police, who, aware of their intentions, lay in ambush for them, and lives were lost on both sides. I was idling on one of the bridges, when they passed by to the jail, bound with ropes and with buckles to the common cars of the country—some of them were wounded too, a brow, or hand, or clothing giving vivid evidence of the fact.

But, although the general impression made by the whole of the wretched groups was painful, one face among them strongly interested me. It was that of a young man, not more than nineteen or twenty; his features were comely, and, I would have it, full of goodness and gentleness. His clear blue eye too was neither sulky, nor savage, nor reckless, but seemed to express only great awe of his situation, unless when, from some sudden mental recurrence to home—perhaps it quailed or became suffused with tears. I involuntarily followed the melancholy procession towards the jail, thinking of that young man. After all the prisoners had been ushered into their new abode, a popular anti-tithe attorney, whom I knew, accosted me. He was always ready to conduct, gratis, the defences of poor wretches similarly situated, and he told me his intention of going into the jail that moment, to try and collect materials for saving the lives, at least, of some of the new comers. I expressed a wish to assist him in his task: he readily consented, observing that as the unfortunate men would certainly be put on their trials the next day, no offer of aid, in their favour, was to be disregarded; so we entered the jail together.

It fell to my lot to visit the cell, among others, of the lad who had so much interested me. His assertions, supported, or, not contradicted, by most of his band, seemed to argue, that I had not formed a wrong opinion of his character—nay, better still, that there was a good chance of snatching from the gallows, even though he must leave his native land for ever. He had been forced, he said, to accompany the others upon their fatal sortie—had never been "out" before—and had not pulled a trigger or raised a hand against the police; his more guilty associates supported or else did not contravene his statement. So, con-

fident that the police would also bear him out at the really critical moment, I took notes of his defence for my friend the attorney, and passed on to other cells, but of the results of my continued investigation I will not now speak.

The sagacious attorney was right. By twelve o'clock next day four of the men, including my favourite client, were placed at the bar of their country: three others were too ill of their wounds to be at present produced. All was soon over—and over to my affliction and almost consternation. Instead of swearing that the young man had been comparatively forbearing during the battle outside the gentleman's house, the police, one and all, from some strange mistake—for surely they thought they were in the right, distinctly deposed that his was the hand which slew one of their force, and badly wounded another. In vain did he protest with the energy of a young man pleading for dear, dear life, and all its array of happy promise, against their evidence: in vain did his fellow-prisoners support him: he and they were found guilty in common: but his fate was the terrific one—of him the example was to be made; and while the other men were only sentenced to transportation for life, he was doomed to be hanged by the neck within forty-eight hours, and his body given for dissection.

As the Judge ushered in the last words of his sentence, a shriek, I shall never forget it—a woman's shriek—and a young woman's too, pierced up to the roof of the silent court-house, and then I heard a heavy fall. The young culprit had been trembling and swaying from side to side, during his sentence: at the soul shrilling sound he started into upright and perfect energy; his hands which had grasped the bar of the dock, were clapped together with a loud noise; the blood mounted to his very forehead; his lips parted widely, and, having almost shouted out—"Moya! it's she! I knew she'd be here!" he suddenly made a spring to clear the back of the dock—obviously no impulse to escape dictated the action; he wanted to raise Moya—his betrothed Moya—from the floor of the court-house, and clasp her in his arms—and that was all. And, doubtless, in his vigorous and thrice nerved strength, he must have succeeded in his wild attempt, but that the sleeve of one arm, and the hand of another became impaled on the sharp iron spikes which surmounted the formidable barrier before him. Thus cruelly impeded, however, he was easily secured, and instantly let down, through a trap door in the bottom of the dock, to his "condemned cell," continuing till his voice was lost in the depths beneath us, to call out, "Moya, cuishla-ma-chree, Moya!"

I hastened, with many others, into the body of the court, and there learned, from her father and mother, and other friends, the connexion between her and the sentenced lad. They were to have been married at Easter. This did not lessen my interest in him—my attorney joined me, and we spoke of all possible efforts to obtain a commutation of his sentence, after Moya's parents had forced her out of the court-house, on the way to their home, rejecting all her entreaties to be led into the jail, and—married.

We thought of hearing what the wounded policeman might say. But he was fourteen miles distant, where the affray had occurred, and, even though his evidence might be favourable, we knew we must be prepared to forward it to Dublin, as the Judge would leave our town that day. We set to work, however, mounted two good horses, and within three hours learned from the lips of the wounded man that the Rockite who had fired at him was an elderly and ill favoured fellow. It was our next business to convey our new evidence into the town; we did so, in a carriage borrowed from the person whose house had been attacked. He was confronted with all the prisoners; we cautioned him to say nothing that might give a false hope to the object of our interest;—but, after leaving the cell he persisted in exculpating him from having either killed his comrade or wounded himself, and, moreover, pointed out the real culprit among those who had not yet been put on their trial.

This was a good beginning. An affidavit was soon prepared, which the policeman signed. A few minutes afterwards the attorney, helped in his expenses for the road by some friends, myself among the number, started for Dub-

lin, as fast as four horses could gallop. Ten hours, out of the forty-eight allowed to the condemned to prepare for death, had already elapsed. Our good attorney must now do the best he could within thirty-seven hours—it was fearful not to leave an hour to spare—to calculate time when it would just be merging into eternity. But we had good hopes. If horses did not fail on the road, going and returning, and if the Judge, and, after him, the Lord Lieutenant, could be rapidly approached, it was a thing to be done. That if, however!—I scarce slept a wink through the night. Next morning early I called on the clergyman whose sad duty it was to visit the poor lad in his condemned cell; he and I had been school-fellows; and he was a young man of most amiable character. He told me “his poor penitent” was not unfit to die, nor did he dread the fate before him, notwithstanding his utter anguish of heart at so sudden and terrible a parting from his young mistress. I communicated the hopes we had, and asked the clergyman’s opinion as to the propriety of alleviating the lad’s agony by a slight impartation of them. My reverend young friend would not hear of such a thing: his conscience did not permit him. It was his duty, he said, his sacred duty, to allow nothing to distract the mind and heart of his penitent from resignation to his lot: and should he give him a hope of life, and then see that hope dashed, he would have helped to kill a human soul, not to save one. I gave up the point, and ~~endeavoured~~ endeavoured to seek occupations and amusements to turn my thoughts from the one subject which absorbed and fevered them. But in vain; and when night came, I had less sleep than on the first.

Early on the second morning I took a walk into the country, along the Dublin road, vaguely hoping to meet, even so early, our zealous attorney returning to us, with a white handkerchief streaming from the window of his post-chaise: that idea had got into my head, like a picture, and would recur every moment. I met him not. I lingered on the road. I heard our town clock pealing twelve—the boy had but an hour to live, I looked towards the county jail, whither he had been removed for execution—the black flag was waving over its drop-door. Glancing once more along the Dublin road, I ran as fast as I could towards the jail. Arrived at the iron gate of its outer yard, I was scarce conscious of the multitude who sat on a height, confronting it, all hushed and silent, or of the strong guard of soldiers at the gate, till one of them refused me way. I bribed the serjeant to convey my name to the governor of the prison, and was admitted, first, into the outer-yard, then by the guard-room door, and along a colonnade of pillars, connected with iron work at either hand, into the inner courts of the jail. The guard-room was under the execution-room, and both formed a building in themselves, separated from the main pile; the colonnade of which I have spoken, leading from one to the other.—What had sent me where I now found myself, was an impulse to beseech the Sheriff, (whom I knew, and who was necessarily in the jail to accompany the condemned to the door of the execution-room,) for some short postponement of the fatal moment. He came out to me, in one of the courts at either side of the colonnade; we spoke in whispers, as the good and kind-hearted governor had done—though there was not a creature to overhear us, in the deserted and sunny places all around. I knew the Sheriff would at his peril make any change in the hour; but I told him our case, and his eyes brightened with zeal and benevolence, while he put back his watch three quarters of an hour, and asseverated, with my uncle Toby’s oath, I believe, that he would swear it was right, and that all their clocks were wrong, and “let them hang himself for his mistake.” Our point arranged we sunk into silence. It was impossible to go on talking, even in our conscious whispers, one o’clock soon struck! The governor pale and agitated appeared making a sad signal to the sheriff. We beckoned him over to us, and he was shewn the infallible watch, and retired again, without a word. My friend and I continued standing side by side in resumed silence. And all was silence around us too, save some few most melancholy, most appalling sounds: one caused by the step of a sentinel under the window of the condemned cell, at an unseen side of the prison; another by the au-

dible murmurings of the condemned and his priest, heard through that window—both growing more fervent in prayer since the jail clock had pealed one; and a third was made by some person, also unseen, striking a single stroke with a wooden mallet, about every half minute, upon a large muffled bell, at the top of the prison.—Yes—I can recall two other sounds which irritated me greatly: the chirping of sparrows in the sun—and I thought that their usual pert note was now strangely sad—and the tick, tick, of the sheriff’s watch, which I heard distinctly in his fob. The minutes flew. I felt pained in the throat—burning with thirst—and losing my presence of mind. The governor appeared again. My friend entered the prison with him. I remained alone confused and agonized. In a few minutes the governor came out, bareheaded, and tears on his cheeks. The clergyman and his penitent followed; the former had passed an arm through one of the manacled ones of the latter, and the hands of both were clasped, and both were praying audibly. My old school-fellow wept like a child. My poor client had passed the threshold into the colonnade, with a firm step, his knees kept peculiarly stiff, as he paced along, and his cheeks and forehead were scarlet, while his eyes widened and beamed, and was fixed on the steps going up to the execution-room, straight on before him. He did not yet see me gazing at him. As the sheriff appeared behind him and his priest, also bareheaded, I rapidly snatched my hat from my head. The action attracted his attention, our glances met—and oh! how the flush instantly forsook his forehead and his cheeks—and how his eyes closed—while cold perspiration burst out on his brow, and he started, stopped, and faltered! Did he recognize me as the person who had spoken kindly to him in his cell, before his trial, and perhaps with all my precaution given him a vague hope? or, was it that the unexpected appearance of a human creature, staring at him in utter commiseration, in that otherwise lonely court-yard, had touched the chord of human associations, and called him back to earth, out of his enthusiastic vision of heaven? I know not, I cannot even guess; *who* can? As he faltered, the young priest passed his arm round his body, and gently urged him to his knees and knelt with him, kissing his cheeks, his lips, pressing his hands, and in tender whispers manning him again for facing shame, and death, and eternity. The governor, the sheriff, and I, instinctively assumed the attitude of prayer at the same moment. But I hate to give a character of clap-trap to a real though wonderful occurrence, by continuing too circumstantially. Moya’s “own boy” never even mounted the steps of the execution-room. We were first startled, while we all knelt, by as it afterwards proved—her shrieks at the outer gates: she had escaped from the restraint of her family, and had come to the jail insisting on being married to him “wid the rope itself round his neck, to live a widow for him for ever”—and next there was a glorious shout from the multitude on the rural heights before the prison and my one ceaseless idea of our attorney, with a white handkerchief streaming through the window of his post-chaise *was* realized, though every one saw it but I. And Moya, self-transported for life, went out to Van Dieman’s land, some weeks afterwards, a happy and contented wife, her family having yielded to her wishes at the instance of more advocates than herself, and put some money in her purse also.—*Athenæum*.

#### O’KELLY AND KILDARE.

Having in our previous numbers given something respecting the Kildare family, we here present a story which is extracted from Mr. Hardin’s “Irish Minstrelsy,” and which is probably not well known to the great body of our readers.

“In the year 1579, Fergus O’Kelly, of Leix, married the daughter of O’Byrne of Glenmalur, in the county of Wicklow. The young lady remained at her father’s until a suitable *stone-wall house* should be built by her husband for her reception, there being but few stone buildings at that time in the Queen’s County. For this purpose O’Kelly set a number of his tenantry to work. The building was commenced on a Monday morning in spring, it was completed on the Saturday following, and the bride was soon